

Good Morning 260

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

DICK GORDON— Presents — STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO—

SO Charlie's done it again. Who'd care to make a book on this, his fourth wedding? Before you lay down your money think on these things.

Charlie Chaplin, the greatest celluloid comedian of all time, is in his fifty-fifth year. He has all the money he can possibly spend on this earth, he has genius, and, obviously, physique. When Charlie was 29 he married Mildred Harris, who was then 16. Six years later he wed another sixteen-year-old, Lita Grey. When he was three years short of half a century Charlie married Paulette Goddard, who was then 25.

Now, his fourth mate, Oona O'Neill, the eighteen-year-old, is no doubt not unduly worried about the age gap twixt herself and her beau. But in fifteen years she will be only thirty-four and married to a lad of over seventy. What will poor Charlie do then? One thing this goes to prove,



with, the ceremony of summoning favourites to the Sultan's presence.

WIFE THREE.—There were daily rumours regarding Charlie's third marriage. London had it that Paulette Goddard was the favourite lady. Hollywood said "No." However, when Paulette became involved in a court case it was discovered. Soon after the discovery it was rumoured that divorce was pending. Once again it was true, and Charlie was again free. They married at Canton, in China, in 1936, and parted officially in Mexico in 1942. Gossip has it that because Paulette left her husband to make "Gone With the Wind" at another studio, he objected and they parted.

BAD START.

CURRENT WIFE. — Oona O'Neill is the latest. She is thirty-six years younger than her husband. Oona, raven-haired, brown-eyed glamour girl of New York society, had been studying the film business under Chaplin for several months before the wedding. They were married by a J.P. in California.

Complications are likely to set in earlier than usual in this marriage. In fact, they have. Charlie, in accordance with his usual routine of dashing off by car to his weddings, did the same thing this time. He motored ninety miles in just over an hour. Not having been previously married this way, he had evidently forgotten that speeding and using petrol for fun were naughty. Unless his answers to the police are satisfactory, Charlie will have his fingers rapped.

Anyway, here's wishing them all the luck in the world.



PAULETTE GODDARD



OONA O'NEILL

of course, is that Charlie's faith is absolutely unbending. Faith in marriage, I mean.

FOURTH TIME LUCKY.

As a guide to form, let's look over the ladies concerned.

WIFE ONE.—Mildred Harris was a promising young actress. She married Charlie and was very happy. For a while that is, then everything seemed to go wrong. There were court cases most months and eventually they divorced, only to continue their differences before the magistrates. Alimony, allowances and the future of their two sons were frequently subjects for court proceedings.

WIFE TWO.—Following his second marriage, Charlie became disenchanted with his previous troubles for a short while, but history was soon to repeat itself, and another bundle of court orders covered his desk. At the final divorce proceedings it was said that Lita Grey had married at sixteen and had little idea of the responsibilities involved.

Before wife three was announced Chaplin came to London to have the unique experience of seeing his two former wives on different London stages.

He met neither of them, but went to Morocco soon after, as the guest of a Sultan. There he visited the palaces of His Sherifian Majesty Sidi Mohammed. He saw the splendour of the harems and

Ron Richards asks—

LIKE A PUB CRAWL?

(In 7-League Boots)

YOU'LL GET A BIG WELCOME HERE



"The Bull's Head," Turnford.



"The Golden Lion," Hoddesdon.



"The George and Dragon," Berkhamsted.



"The Eagle," King's Langley.

OVER the saloon door of this picturesque Georgian inn is a notice bearing the words, "Licensed pursuant to Act of Parliament, the twenty-fifth of King George the Second."

Neither the landlord nor oldest inhabitants have ever discovered the precise meaning of this notice, and local authorities have been unable to offer advice.

First constructed in the 16th century, the building is thought to have been originally a farmhouse. There is evidence to suggest that it was later a coaching station, and in the memory of the present landlord, Mr. George Stevens, it was a favourite haunt of gypsies.

The tiled roof is partly covered with moss and vines, and on the verandah, at the front, there are three oak tables, which, in their two hundred years, have accommodated royalty, tinkers, vagrants, jesters and coachmen, and, in recent years, cyclists, hikers and motorists.

The fireplaces, though rebuilt in recent years, still bear the unmistakable characteristics of the Georgian period, and the ceilings, mostly within six feet of the floor, are of heavy rough oak.

The inn is situated on the main Cambridge road, less than twenty miles from London — and the beer's swell!

THE Golden Lion, on the main road at Hoddesdon, is a Georgian inn with Georgian atmosphere, is surrounded by Georgian ruins and outhouses, and is set in a Georgian village.

In 1500, a Mrs Redcap is reported to have been fined for selling victuallage with out licence. It is presumed that the business was carried on, and eventually, about 1553, permission was granted, and the inn became registered under the name of "The Black Lion."

It is not known when the inn took its present name. In the village the inn is widely referred to as the "Roarer" or the "Golden Poodle."

The upper story projects at the front, and is carried on rough axe beams; a door on this level, under a small gable at the back, is reached by a ladder.

The public bar, it is assumed, was at one period used as a saddlery, and the saloon was, perhaps, a stable or forge.

The landlord is 2nd Officer Allen Dennis, who has many friends in the submarine service. He sends the following message:

"Good luck and good hunting to my many friends in the submarine service, and to all submariners. You're sure of a welcome here."

THIS 15th century inn, just outside Berkhamsted, on the road to Tring, is set in a tiny Hertfordshire hamlet.

Facing the village church, and next to a row of crumbling almshouses, the newly tiled roof strikes a contrast to this old England oasis.

Both from inside and out, the inn has the appearance of being about to fall over. The floors are on a very decided slant—in some rooms the floor is eighteen inches higher than the opposite side.

In most of the upper rooms there are steps in the centre of the floor, to rectify the steep slope. This necessitates having long back legs on the beds. Some of the ceilings are less than six feet from the floor.

In the saloon bar there is a door leading to what is now the kitchen. At this door there is a big stone step, and it is believed that this was the original entrance to the inn.

At the front of the inn, in a wrought-iron frame, and suspended by a carved-iron shoulder, is the original sign of the inn. The colours remain, after all these years, completely unfaded, and the figure of the Saint and the Dragon are easily distinguishable. But the taste of the beer—we'll try it some day!

THIS famous old tavern, which is just outside King's Langley, on the road to Tring, is known to have been a port of call for Lord Rothschild, and now film stars from Elstree studios use it frequently.

Merle Oberon, in particular, visits frequently, and is distinguished to be classified as a "Regular."

There is an old pump at the front of the inn which still works, and is fed from a ninety-foot well.

In the saloon bar is a striking iron fireplace, and pinewood from the nearby forest may frequently be smelt burning there.

Previously a coaching station, it was, until the war, regarded as a half-way house for coaches coming from the Midlands to London for sightseers and cup-tie crowds.

Mr. Hull is the landlord, and he personally tends to the requirements of the trippers.

He is familiarly known to all as "Alf"—ask for him, he's a good pal to all submariners.

Parts of the inn have been reconstructed in recent years, but inside there is still an abundance of evidence to prove it to be over four hundred years old.

And, once again, let me recommend the beer—it's the tops.

Castleford, Yorks, Adopts "Unrivalled"

Report by R. G. Bedford

NEARLY 150 years have elapsed since the old stage coaches used to rattle through the cobbled streets of Castleford, Yorks, down to the landing stage at the side of the Ship Inn.

In those days, Castleford was an important point of embarkation for Hull and beyond; and fanfares on the post-horns always heralded the departure of the sea-going ships.

But a lot of water has flowed under Castleford Bridge since then, and up to a few weeks ago, the Castlefordians were apathetic towards the men who went down to the sea—and under the sea—in ships.

What really woke them up to the boys in Navy blue was a 24-hour visit from the officers and men of the Submarine "Unrivalled."

And when the train taking the Submariners back to base was pulling out of the station the farewells were as sincere and touching as if the "Unrivalled" had been manned by lads from Castleford itself.

But the lads of the "Unrivalled" "aint seen nothin' yet." Immediately after they waved their last farewells from the railway carriage windows



the civic heads of Castleford got together and decided to form a representative committee to do nothing else but look after the welfare of the adopted sub.

Highlights of the 24-hour stay included a reception at Castleford Station by urban council chairman, H. L. Hartley, and Normanston M.P., Tom Smith, who is also Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power. "Unrivalled's" skipper—bearded Lieut. H. B. Turner, D.S.C., R.N.—was on top form. And so were his aides, Torpedo Officer Lieut. Harding, of the South African Naval Force, and 1st Lieut. Hammer, R.N.

Following the official reception, the lads of the "Unrivalled" lunched at the Masonic Hall, where they were waited on by members of the Castleford Sea Cadet Corps.

Then they presented a replica of their Jolly Roger

to the Castleford Naval Association, and this now hangs in their headquarters at the time-honoured Ship Inn—the same one that used to house the sea-going travellers of 150 years ago.

After the public reception at the Town Hall, when Lieut. Turner handed over the ship's crest to "Mayor" Hartley, the boys met the belles of Castleford at a thé-dansant, the jive being served up by the swing-tette of the Reconnaissance Regiment.

Other high spots included best seats for the Abbot and Costello film, "Hit the Ice," spanning meals at the British Restaurant and real Yorks hospitality in the homes of the people who entertained them.

When the old seamen of Castleford begin to yarn over a pint in the Ship, they point proudly to the "Unrivalled's" Jolly Roger.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and ideas
to the Editor

USELESS EUSTACE



"Miss Gollightly—er—take a letter to Santa Claus!"

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SANDBANK, though not in SHOALS, My second's in BREAKWATER, not in MOLES, My third is in BUNKERS, yet not in COALS, My fourth's not in MELBOURNE, but MANDALAY, My fifth is in CHRISTCHURCH, not BOTANY BAY, My next is in ISLE OF WIGHT, not GIBRALTAR, My seventh's in ALGIERS, so not in MALTA.

(Answer on Page 3)

WANGLING WORDS—215

1. Put measurements in WATER and make a cathedral city.
2. Rearrange the letters of THROW SWORD to make an English poet.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PINS into SNIP, MAIN into STAY, FARE into FAIR, WITCH into TONGS.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 214

1. ALIMENT.
2. ARISTOTLE.
3. STEP, STOP, STOW, SHOW, SHOT, SOOT, SORT, PORT, PERT, PEAT, PEAS, PETS.
DIET, DIED, DEED, FEED, FEET, BEET, BEAT, BRAT, BRAD, BRAW, BROW, GROW, JACK, LACK, LACE, DACE, DAME, DAMS, DAWS, ROOM, ROAM, FOAM, FOAL, FOOL, POOL, POOR, MOOR.
4. Side, Nice, Site, Ties, Toes, Rats, Star, Cone, Nose, Dice, Ride, Rice, Corn, Cote, Core, Rose, Dose, Does, Date, Nods, Read, Dear, Tare, Tear, Rate, Race, Care, etc.
Ratio, Coast, Saint, Stain, Nodes, Stone, Notes, Rains, Snare, Reins, Canon, Onion, Drain, Nadir, Trade, Stare, Staid, Dates, Snore, Roast, Cider, etc.

JANE



Continuing: The Young Man with the Cream Tarts—Part II

A fool—but consistently so

"How?" cried the young man. "Are you, too ruined? Is this supper a folly like my cream tarts? Has the Devil brought three of his own together for a last carouse?"

"The Devil, depend upon it, can sometimes do a very gentlemanly thing," returned Prince Florizel.

So saying, the Prince drew out his purse and took from it a small bundle of bank-notes.

"You see, I was a week or so behind you, but I mean to catch you up and come neck-

them there is no admission. The rule is strict. Forty pounds for each. Accursed life, where a man cannot even die without money!"

The Prince and the Colonel exchanged glances.

"Explain yourself," said the latter. "I have still a pocket-book tolerably well lined, and I need not say how readily I should share my wealth with Godall. But I must know to what end; you must certainly tell us what you mean."

The young man seemed to awaken; he looked uneasily from one to the other, and his face flushed deeply. "You are not fooling me?" he asked. "You are indeed ruined men like me?"

"Indeed, I am for my part," replied the Colonel.

"And for mine," said the Prince, "I have given you proof."

"Ruined?" said the young man. "Are you ruined, like me? Are you, after a life of indulgence, come to such a pass that you can only indulge yourself in one thing more? Are you?"—he kept lowering his voice as he went on—"are you going to give the slip to the sheriff's officers of conscience by the one open door?"

Colonel Geraldine caught him by the arm as he was about to rise.

"You lack confidence in us," he said, "and you are wrong. To all your questions I make answer in the affirmative. We, too, like yourself, have had enough of life and are determined to die. Sooner or later, alone or together, we meant to seek out death and beard him where he lies ready. Since we have met you, and your case is

more pressing, let it be to-night—and at once—and, if you will, all three together."

Geraldine had hit exactly on the manners and intonations that became the part he was playing. The Prince himself was disturbed, and looked over at his confidant with a shade of doubt.

As for the young man, the flush came back darkly into his cheek, and his eyes threw out a spark of light.

"You are the men for me!" he cried, with an almost terrible gaiety. "Shake hands upon the bargain!" (his hand was cold and wet). "You little know in what a company you will begin the march! I know Death's private door. I am one of his familiars, and can show you into eternity without ceremony and yet without scandal. Can you muster eighty pounds between you?"

Geraldine ostentatiously consulted his pocket-book and replied in the affirmative.

"Fortunate beings!" cried the young man. "Forty pounds is the entry money of the Suicide Club."

"The Suicide Club," said the Prince, "why, what the devil is that?"

"Listen," said the young man. "This is the age of convenience, and I have to tell you of the last perfection of the sort. We have affairs in different places; and hence railways were invented. Railways separated us infallibly from our friends; and so telegraphs were made that we might communicate speedily at great distances. Even in hotels we have lifts to spare us a climb of some hundred steps. There was one more convenience lacking to modern comfort—a decent, easy way to quit that stage, the back stairs to liberty; or, as I said this moment, Death's private door. This, my two fellow-rebels, is supplied by the Suicide Club."

"If you are truly tired of life, I will introduce you to-night to a meeting," he continued. "It is now (consulting his watch) eleven; by half-past, at latest, we must leave this place; so that you have half an hour before you to consider my proposal. It is more serious than a cream tart, and, I suspect, more palatable."

The bill was discharged, the Prince giving the whole change of the note to the astonished waiter; and the three drove off in a four-wheeler.

They were not long upon the way before the cab stopped at the entrance to a rather dark court. Here all descended. The

QUIZ

For today

1. A mavis is a flirt, printing term, bird, cloak, precious stone?

2. Who wrote (a) Merely Mary Ann, (b) Mord Em'ly?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Lord, Duke, Earl, Baronet, Baron, Marquis?

4. What country has a red hand for its badge?

5. What were the nickel-odeons?

6. Who is the present Master of the King's Musick?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Exonerate, Expedite, Expell, Expunge, Extricate, Extricate?

8. What English King was known as The Great?

9. What was the date of the Gunpowder Plot?

10. How many Field Marshals are there in the British Army?

11. What is the capital of Uruguay?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) As right as —, (b) As flat as —.

Answer to Quiz in No. 259

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) Hugh Walpole, (b) Conan Doyle.
3. Plus is a mathematical sign; others are punctuation marks.
4. In question 12 (a). It means "and."
5. Helen of Troy's.
6. Titian.
7. Perennial, Pentateuch.
8. Finland.
9. Portuguese.
10. Animal.
11. Ajaccio.
12. (a) Remus, (b) Pollux.

young man, waving his hand to his companions, turned into the court, entered a doorway and disappeared.

The Prince smoked placidly, leaning against a railing, until the young man returned.

"Well, he asked, 'has our reception been arranged?'"

"Follow me," was the reply. "The President will see you in the cabinet. And let me warn you to be frank in your answers."

(To be continued)

But evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as want of heart! Thomas Hood.

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs.

Lord Rosebery (1847-1929).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 259: A Collar Stud.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

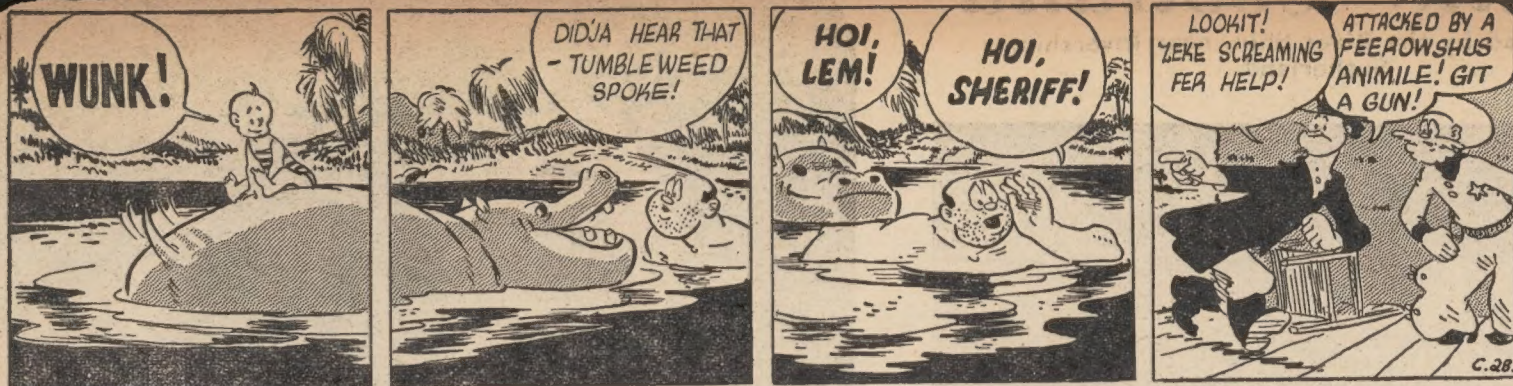
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42						43		

CLUES DOWN.

1 Twig. 2 Pod used as brush. 3 Skill. 4 A tide. 5 Obstruct. 6 Former. 7 Expanded. 8 Birds. 9 Pay. 11 Fashion. 13 Weeds. 17 Trophy. 19 Generally liked. 21 Peer. 23 Dog. 25 Mum. 26 Cloaks. 28 Bad. 30 Characteristics. 32 Decaim noisily. 34 Stratagem. 37 Gull. 38 Passing through. 40 Letters of learning.

WRAP APACHE
AUTHOR THAW
IDOL MOTIVE
TENON RIDER
E EXOTIC N
RED DIG ASH
L FUTURE E
VITAL NERVE
EXUDES MAIL
NINE TOOTLE
DRESSY NEED

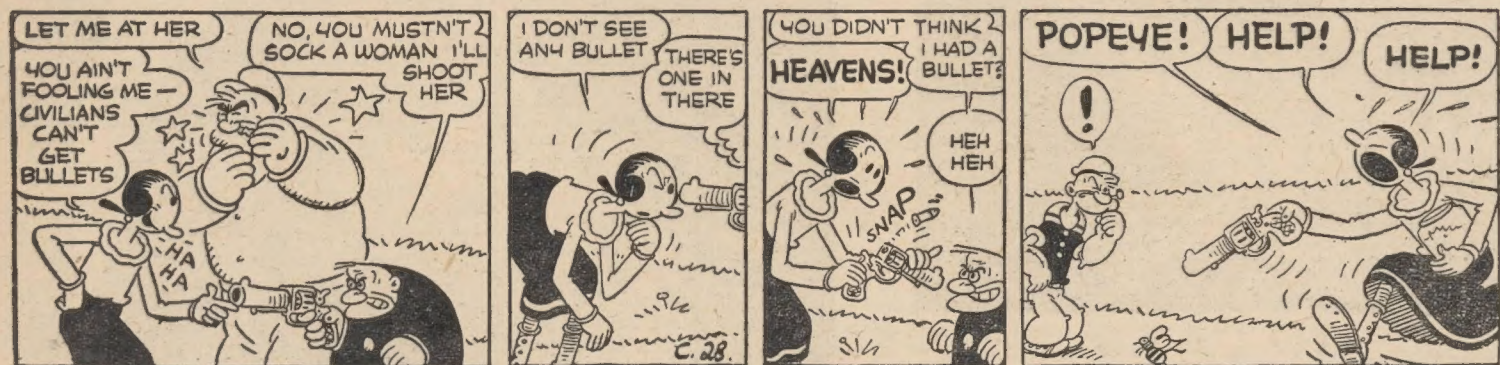
HUB JONES



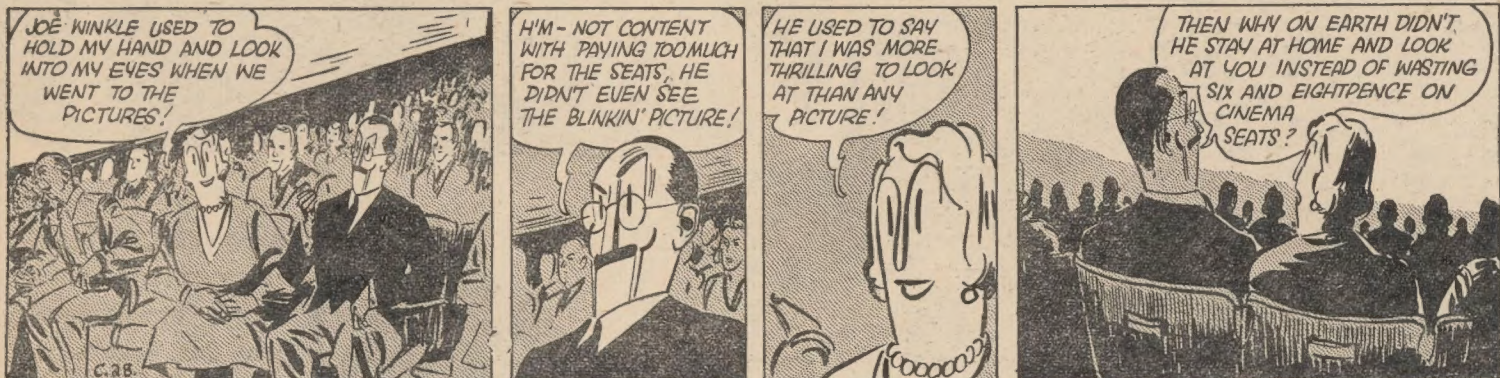
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 21

By John Allen

WEST BROMWICH ALBION

TWELVE years ago, an auburn-haired, fresh-faced young centre-forward, playing for West Bromwich Albion, crashed home four goals in the course of five minutes against West Ham. Even to-day West Ham fans talk of that feat—the brilliance of Richardson.

To-day, W. G. Richardson is the only Albion player that did duty at West Ham that afternoon still in the team—and he's still scoring goals.

Richardson, who has scored nearly two hundred goals for West Bromwich, has the "G" in his initials for an interesting reason. Several years ago the Albion's centre-half was W. Richardson, so to distinguish the centre-forward from the pivot, the "G"—for "Ginger"—was included in his initials on the programme.

They were both in the last Albion team to win the F.A. Cup in 1931—a grand side that will rank among the best ever to wear the blue and white striped shirt of West Bromwich.

The Albion's story starts in 1879, when the members of a local cricket club decided to keep the lads together in the winter months. They called themselves West Bromwich Strollers, and fought hard for recognition.

West Bromwich's first ground was such a morass in wet weather that their fans who wanted to keep their feet dry always took their own planks with them on which to stand!

They first won the Cup in 1888, when their opponents were Preston North End.

At that time Preston were the greatest team in football. So confident were they of winning the Final against West Bromwich that one of the North End players asked the referee, Major Marindin, if they might not be photographed with the Cup before the game. "No, I think you'd better win it first," said the Major.

West Bromwich surprised the sporting world by defeating the North End by two goals to one. Nine lads who were born and bred within sight of the West Bromwich headquarters were in the side, including Billy Bassett, who became one of the greatest of all right-wingers.

He had over fifty years' association with West Bromwich, and rose from the position of player to chairman.

When the Albion last won the Cup their inside-left was a dark-haired, splendid-looking young man named Ted Sandford.

He was born in a house overlooking the ground, and always said that he would play for the "Throstles." Ted did more than that. He became their captain and one of their finest stars.

Many people are puzzled as to why West Bromwich Albion are nicknamed "The Throstles." It's an interesting story. When Mr. Tom Smith became general secretary to the club in 1894 he designed a crest for the organisation. It was a throstle perched upon a goalpost. He corresponded with folk all over Britain, with the result that his team, for no reason beyond the club crest, became known as "The Throstles."

Since that time there has been, more often than not, a canary hanging in the club office!

West Bromwich Albion have always had the reputation of being one of the happiest teams in football, and this is probably the reason why the majority of their players spend so many seasons at The Hawthorns, as their ground is known.

Here are some musical instruments. They read across, so see how many you can find!—

T U L F E
T O N E R C
M E T P U R T
R O B M T E N O
A T C E L N R I
E T L A G R N I
S O N A S B O
R A G I T U
A N R G O

Answer on Page 3, No. 261.

Solution to Allied Ports.
KARACHI.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

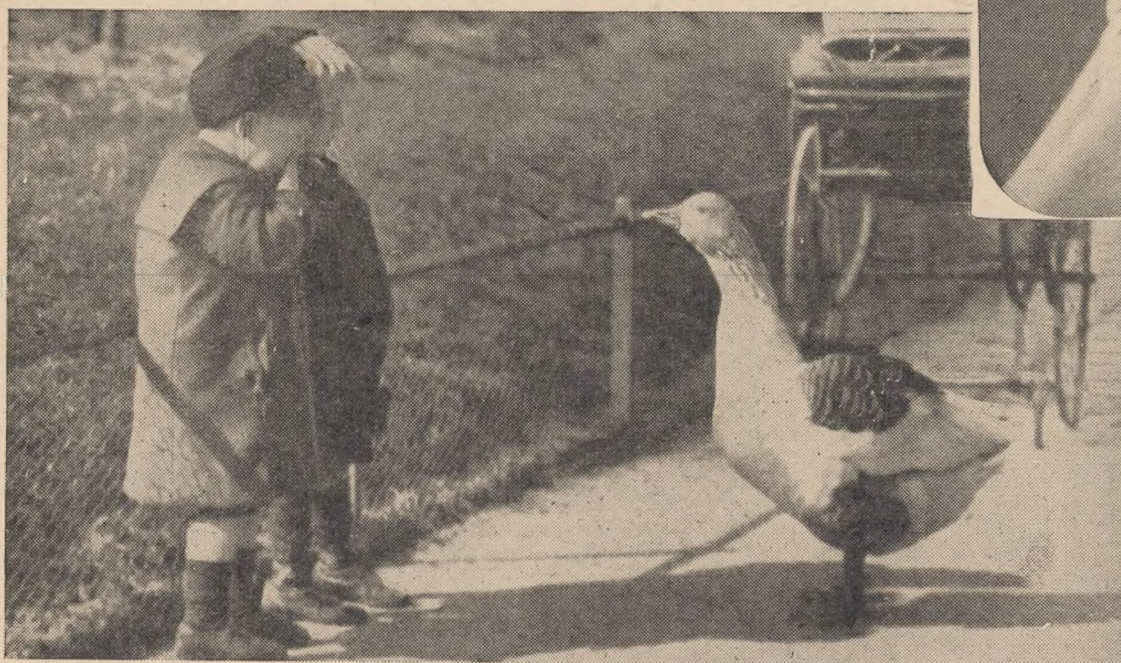
Bonnie Scotland

The road by the River Shin, near Invershin,
Sutherland.

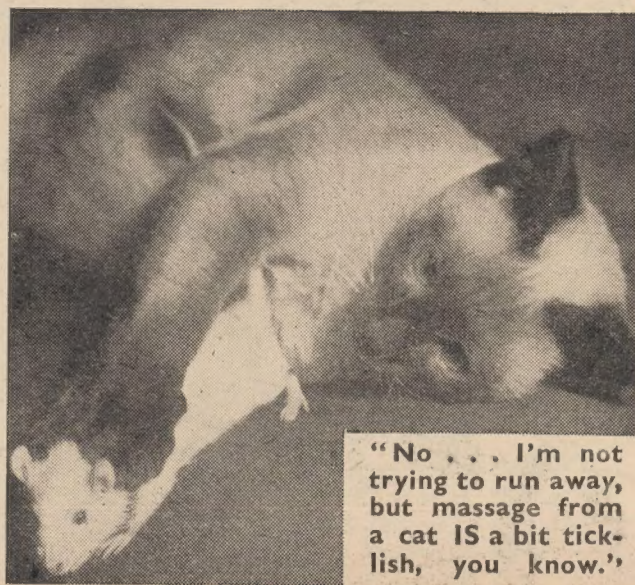


MOTHER GOOSE?

"It may not be my baby in the pram, but I'm certain it's not YOURS, so lay off."



"You seem friendly enough, but I can hardly believe my eyes . . . or yours."



"No . . . I'm not trying to run away, but massage from a cat IS a bit ticklish, you know."



BEAR-FACED CHEEK

Hey, there. That's our milk ration.

Just to revive your memories, boys. Here's Marie Sellar who entertained you out East with E.N.S.A. And if you haven't seen her before, well, take an eyeful now.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bruin's ruin."

